

Dreams that felt like memories

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/6160867) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/6160867>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Major Character Death
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV) , King Arthur (2004)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter , Galahad/Tristan (Arthurian)
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter , Galahad (Arthurian) , Tristan (Arthurian) , Prince Charmont , Johann Struensee , Daniel Deronda , Niels , Draco (Clash of the Titans)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Reincarnation , Anal Sex , Fluff and Angst , Angst with a Happy Ending
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2016-03-04 Completed: 2016-04-01 Words: 17,129 Chapters: 9/9

Dreams that felt like memories

by [MadamPoptart](#)

Summary

“What’s on your mind?”

“You... I can’t get you out of my head.... I- uh I have dreams of you... and me”

“ A version of me?”

“Yes. That feels like memories”

Reincarnation AU telling Will and Hannibal's love story throughout time. Starting with a prince having an affair with his doctor, to two best friends falling in love in 1860s Norway, to a Greek general falling for his slave, and two knights of King Arthur's court being than more than just brothers in arms, all in ending in tragedy. Then finally coming to the present, will this life be their chance at a happy ending? Or will it end like the rest?

Notes

Inspired by

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4cBRlQi2fiQ&list=PLS15gTo4YdfpR4pztRKDeCxU4kCGNQuMm&index=74)

[v=4cBRlQi2fiQ&list=PLS15gTo4YdfpR4pztRKDeCxU4kCGNQuMm&index=74](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4cBRlQi2fiQ&list=PLS15gTo4YdfpR4pztRKDeCxU4kCGNQuMm&index=74)

Chapter 1

Will sat in Dr. Lecter's waiting room, waiting for Hannibal to open the door and say his signature 'Please come in'. The connection he felt towards Hannibal was like being punched in the face by a car which wasn't so much that it hurt but was overwhelming at times. When he first met him and their eyes met, it was as if looking into someone's eyes that you had known your entire life.

After the first eye contact with Hannibal, the dreams started up and it wasn't your typical wet dreams. Well some did have him waking up with a very uncomfortable hard on and others woke him with the intense longing for this man. So caught in his own thoughts he didn't realize Hannibal let his patient out and now was waiting on Will. Will looked up and Hannibal offered him a smile

"Please come in" Hannibal said opening the door wider for Will to enter and Will stood before walking into the room.

They sat down in their respective chairs and Hannibal clearly picked up something was on Will's mind "What's on your mind?"

"You" Will responded staring into those brown eyes and the connection flared again. Hannibal smiled and Will thought he should be completely honest because he couldn't hold this in any longer "I can't get you out of my head.... I- uh I have dreams of you... and me"

"A version of me?" Hannibal prompted and Will nodded

"Yes. That feels like memories" Will kept eye contact with Hannibal, allowing himself to remember these 'dreams'

"Memory gives moments of immortality" Hannibal responded watching Will carefully "An imago is an image of a loved one buried in the unconscious carried with us all our lives" Will let his mind take him back to the memory of Hannibal with a long brown ponytail and olden clothing draw him in....

France - 18th century

Prince Charmont walked across the bridge to the spot where he normally found Johann reading or sketching or even writing sometimes. Charmont smiled as Johann turned to him with a smile.

"Couldn't stay away?" Johann's brown eyes met Charmont's blue ones. It was as if he had known those eyes even before they met. When Charmont's Uncle Edgar assigned him as the

royal doctor, he had met the prince and their connection was instant. It was as if they had known each other in another life and their souls had finally found each other again.

“Never could” Char responded, sitting next to the elder man “What are you sketching?”

“The river” Johann responded “but something far more interesting has come into view”

“What is that now?” Char asked his pulse speeding up and he hadn’t realized he started to hold his breath.

“You” Johann breathed out before slowly leaning in and pressing a soft kiss to the prince’s lips. Char was surprised for a moment before kissing him back, his fingers tangling in the brown ponytail. When they pulled back Char rested his forehead against Johann’s

“It’s the first time I’ve kissed you but it feels as if I’ve done it a million times” Char whispered watching Johann’s eyes steadily

“The feeling is mutual. I believe we are destined to be. Our souls have found each other again. Perhaps something separates us in another life” Johann whispered softly

“So we will be happy in this life?” The young prince asked with joy filling his eyes

“I believe so”

-

Johann smiled at Charmont across the room as he entered. It was a dinner party for the royals and Charmont had insisted Johann joined. The stolen glances and the secret smiles filled their night. Whenever they had a chance to speak to each other they would but never for too long so not to draw attention.

-

“Johann!” Char ran out to the little place by the river “Johann!”

“What is it my love?” Johann asked concern filling his eyes as Char wrapped his arms around him.

“Edgar... he has... I am to be married” Charmont’s deep frown and saddened eyes hurt more than anything

“Hush everything will be alright. We just have to be careful. I won’t let this stand between us my love” Johann soothed and cupped Charmont’s distraught face

-

Charmont was officially betrothed to a woman named Ella. Edgar had said she would bring a great alliance and Charmont couldn’t be careless as long as he was with Johann. Speaking of Johann he was waiting for said man to slip into his chambers. As if on cue the secret door opened revealing the doctor.

“I’ve been waiting” Charmont smiled and Johann closed the door before making his way over to the prince to kiss him passionately

“I’ve missed you today” Johann whispered against the younger man’s lips and Char just melted against him “All day I yearned for the taste of your lips”

“You have me now” Charmont murmured softly with a seductive smile and Johann lifted the prince off his feet before carrying him to the bed

“Yes I do, don’t I?” They made love without the knowledge of a servant watching, too caught up in their own happiness to care.

-

Charmont waited in the drawing room, he had sent for Johann by the servants and now waited with an excited buzz. His birthday was a few days away and he was excited to tell Johann of his plans. Johann walked in with a smile “You sent for my Prince Charmont?”

“Yes I have plans to discuss with you” Charmont said and when the guards had shut the door, he wrapped his arms around Johann kissing him before pulling back swiftly “My birthday is coming which means my coronation as well. So I thought in celebration of becoming king I should go around to get to know the people and everyone knows you mustn’t travel without a doctor on hand!”

Johann smiled widely “Have you spoken with your Uncle?”

“I’m about to”

-

Charmont finished proposing his plans to his uncle who simply rose from his seat and over to his nephew “You spend an awful amount of time with Dr. Johann”

“He is my friend” Char responded

“No. He is more than that. Isn’t he?”

“I-I don’t know what you’re talking about”

“Liar! You have disrespected your blood by lying with this man! Try to deny it! I didn’t believe the servant who came forward. I had to see with my own eyes” Edgar spat “I saw you this morning in the drawing room. It is disgusting! You have not only disrespected your blood but me!” Edgar slapped Char hard across the face “Get out. I will deal with you later”

-

Johann stood in his examine room when Char burst in and ran to his lover “Johann! They know!”

“I love you no matter what happens. I will find you again in the next life” Johann said quickly

“I love you too. What’s going to happen?” Charmont asked fear evident in his eyes before guards came in surround the two. They grabbed Johann, his brown eyes never leaving his blue ones. Char could tell he was trying to hide the fear.

“What are you doing? He has done nothing!” Charmont demanded “release him!”

“Sir Edgar’s orders” The guard said and Charmont tried to go after them as they dragged Johann away but someone held him back. He turned to see his man servant who shook his head

Charmont raced to find his uncle “What are you planning to do to him?”

“He will be beheaded for the crimes of laying with a man” Edgar stated and turned to his nephew “You will watch. You will suffer the consequences of your actions and we will never speak of this again.”

-

The men dragged Johann up the wooden stairs to the beheading block. Edgar and Charmont stood in the viewing box a few feet away. Charmont gripped his uncle’s sleeve as they read out the charges. “Please Edgar don’t do this. Please I’ll do anything but not him please”

“Hold your tongue. No begging will stop this now turn your head and watch” Edgar hissed and gripped Charmonts head to watch them force Johann to his knees. Charmont started to tear up and he gripped the railing tightly.

Johann let the tears fall down his face clearly as the executioner raised his axe; he swore to keep his promise that he will find Charmont in the next life. They will be happy again.

Charmont covered his mouth as the axe came down and chopped his lover’s head clean out. He would’ve fallen to his knees if he wasn’t being held up by his man servant. “get him out of here before he makes a scene” Edgar ordered and they dragged him away to his chambers once there, Charmont felt to his knees and let out a sob of pain. He clutched his chest and sobbed into his hands

-

Charmont was married to Ella a month later and lived an unhappy life until he was killed by his own dagger after his eldest child had come of age. He held on to the thought that in the next life he would be reunited with his soulmate.

-

Will was drawn back to himself by the sound of Hannibal’s voice calling his name “Will?” Will looked up slowly uncovering his eyes to meet the brown eyes he had just seen lifeless. Hannibal had moved to stand in front of Will “Your eyes were open but you were not present. What did you see?”

“You and I in love” Will answered honestly now fully removing his hand so he could watch Hannibal’s eyes . Hannibal moved to leave against his desk and Will had stood.

“I was wondering when you’d to tell me” Hannibal responded, closing his suit jacket and Will’s eyes lit up bringing his fingers up to point at Hannibal.

“You knew” Will said as if it all made sense. He wasn’t the only one. This was real. “Do you remember us?”

“Yes” Hannibal responded and Will shook his head, leaning against the ladder, “we were having an affair” Hannibal moved closer to Will and Will remembered “We were happy”

Hannibal came and cupped the back of Will’s neck, coming close enough to that Will felt his breath on his face. He relished in the closeness and looked to meet Hannibal’s eyes. “Are you going to let his love go to waste?”

Chapter 2

Will stared deeply into Hannibal's eyes, he felt like he was slipping into them again as if he had known them and he had. His other self Prince Charmont... Hannibal's other self Johann who was killed because of him. Will licked his lips leaning closer and Hannibal leaned closer before Will's phone started to ring loudly.

"Shit s-sorry it's Jack" Will stuttered and pulled away to get out his phone. Hannibal stepped away, looking down at his drawings as if to distract himself from the odd pain he felt because of it. Hannibal let Will talk to Jack for a few minutes before Will hung up.

"I have to go... there's been another body..." Will stuttered out awkwardly as he grabbed his coat

"Of course have a nice evening" Hannibal said as Will practically ran out

-

The car ride there Will was beating himself up, he had wanted to kiss Hannibal so bad and he just blew whatever chance he had. Will arrived and sat in his car for a minute "Fuck" he muttered rubbing his eyes before he collected himself and got out of the car. It was by a canal, little boats lining the sides. The body was in the river as if the victim had jumped off the bridge.

"It appeared to be a suicide but you can see the slit throat from here." Jack said coming to stand by Will "I'll leave you too it. Alright everyone clear out!" Will sighed and closed his eyes to imagine it but instead of seeing the murder he saw something else...

Norway 1860

Niels approached the small canal knowing he would see his childhood friend Daniel rowing his boat down it. The very moment he saw Daniel he had been drawn in, those beautiful blue eyes that he had seen in his dreams every night. He felt as if he had known Daniel for more than just this life time. Falling in love with his best friend, especially your male best friend was probably the worst thing he could have done.

Niels smiled as Daniel rowed down the canal, he caught sight of him but didn't smile at first a thoughtful look crossed his features. Daniel couldn't place the feeling he had felt for Niels. The strong connection since day one was so strange. Niels nodded causing Daniel to nod and finally smile at his friend. "Aren't you supposed to be working?"

"I'm taking a break!" Niels shouted back to Daniel who was slowly drifting away but he had stopped rowing away "Jacob is bringing his bride home today"

"Karen will start to wonder when you will settle down" Daniel responded and the strange tugging in his chest felt odd. Niels started to walk along the canal to keep up with Daniel's boat

“You know how my grandmother is” Niels said aching to spend more time with Daniel instead of going to meet his new stepmother. The path Niels was walking along ended and he couldn’t follow anymore so he stood pressing a hand against the wall and watching his friend drift away.

“Good luck Niels” Daniel shouted and started to row once more. Niels stood watching him go for a few minutes before turning to go back to the work.

-

Niels kicked a pebble as he walked along with Daniel, Niels drank from a flask as he normally did when upset “She acts like an animal. When I went to greet her she pulled back like a frightened animal. Father even gave her the responsibilities of accounting duties at Reinsnes!” Niels exclaimed “That’s my job”

“She sounds absolutely dreadful” Daniel concluded and patted his friend’s shoulder.

“Dina even head-butted my father when he raised his voice at her” Niels took another swig from his flask and Daniel swiped it when Niels stumbled on an uneven part of the road

“You need to stop drinking so much” Daniel muttered and Niels laughed “one day you’ll accidentally fall off a bridge or something”

“You worry too much Daniel” Niels stated and wrapped an arm around Daniel for support “Besides booze help me sleep at night”

-

Daniel and Niels floated through the canal it was somewhere around midnight at this point. “I just don’t know what I want to do with my life Niels. You have it figured out but... I don’t know. Sir Hugo wants me in politics”

“Well you’re wealthy, intelligent, compassionate... you could do anything” Niels murmured with a smile and Daniel sighed as he rowed. Daniel looked up at the night sky and at the moon

-

Daniel raced to the Reinsnes with a large grin on his face and burst into Niels’s working area “Niels! I have wonderful news!”

Niels couldn’t help but smile at his friend’s happiness “What is it?”

“I’ve met this amazing woman when I was out sailing.” Daniel explained how he had saved Mirah from drowning herself and how he had brought her home only to find out she was a singer. The horrible stabbing pain was unbearable but he smiled for Daniel’s benefit.

-

Niels went to the edge of the canal as a routine to see Daniel. Daniel always rowed through the canal around this time of day always scolding Niels for not being at work. Niels spotted the boat but his smile quickly disappeared when he saw Daniel and Mirah floating down the canal both talking happily. Niels hid and watched as somehow Daniel ended up on top of Mirah both held in the moment before kissing. Niels gripped his chest and leaned back against the wall to turn his eyes away. Why did it have to hurt so much?

-

“I think I’m going to ask Mirah to marry me.” Daniel stated as he they sat with their feet dangling from the bridge

“Oh?” Niels prompted as he pulled out his flask from his jacket deciding he couldn’t be sober for this.

“I love her more than anything” Daniel beamed “I know who I am with her”

“I’m happy for you” Niels murmured and plastered on a fake smile

-

Niels sat in the pew of the church taking deep breaths and trying to stop his heart from ripping out of his chest. He had made sure to sit on the end so if he needed to make a quick escape he could. Daniel came to see him with a huge grin, Niel stood to meet his friend’s eye level and he couldn’t help but to smile at his friend’s joy.

“Nervous?” Niels asked and Daniel nodded

“Very. It’s very surreal” Daniel stated with a laugh “I’m glad you’re here”

“I’d never miss my best friend’s wedding” Niels smiled and Daniel pulled him into a hug before he was called away.

The music started up and Mirah came down the aisle but Niel’s eyes weren’t on her they were on Daniel. The happiness there made Niel feel warm until it hit that the happiness wasn’t for him but for someone else. He couldn’t help but think this should be their wedding. He should have been the one to put the happy glint in his eyes but he wasn’t. Mirah got to the alter and took off her veil smiling widely at Daniel before taking Daniels hand in hers.

He couldn’t watch this. Niels quietly got up and made his way swiftly out. Niels leaned against the wall and let tears slip down his cheeks. He cried silently, squeezing his eyes shut as tears rained from his eyes. Hearing the vows was by far the worst and Niels couldn’t stand this any longer.

-

Niels stumbled along the dock, it was dusk and he had consumed his body weight in liquor. Clutching the lantern in his hand he let out a loud scream of pain. His screams echoed loudly and he just screamed back at them.

Niels finally managed to get back to his office, sliding down the wall by the window and grabbing the box he kept his valuables in. A shell Daniel had given him when they were kids and the locket from his mother. Niels picked up the shell and held it in his hand, knocking his head back against the wall. Several tears slid down his cheeks as he looked at the small pink shell.

Niels stood and grabbed a piece of paper writing a letter to Daniel. He sealed it and wrote the needed information on it before leaving it in the outgoing mail.

Nigel then mounted his horse but not before grabbing a rope and rode home slowly. Letting himself sober up slightly when he arrived, he let the servants clean up the horse and told them to leave him alone until morning. Niels walked up to his room, tying the rope into a noose before looping it to the ceiling.

Niels pulled the shell from his pocket to hold it in his palm as he stood on the chair and wrapped the rope around his neck. Squeezing the shell in his hand he kicked the chair...

-

Daniel sat with Sir Hugo, who was like a father to him and sighed "Mirah seems to think Niels and I are in love"

"The woman isn't blind" Sir Hugo mused and Daniel turned to look at him

"What do you mean?" Daniel asked

"Sometimes the love of our life isn't always the one we marry" Sir Hugo said before a police officer came in

"Niels hanged himself last night" The man informed them. Daniel blinked and blinked again

"What?" Daniel asked, his ears were ringing

"I apologize. We found him this morning" The man said and Daniel shook his head

"You're lying. He wouldn't do that" Daniel stated "I'm going to see him" Daniel grabbed his coat and jumped on a horse before galloping down to his friends home slowly to a stop as he saw them carrying Niels' dead body out "Oh my god. Oh my god"

Daniel slid off his horse, ran to the people taking his body only to be held back by someone "Let me go! He's my friend" He fought against them until he eventually grew tired and just stared. He watched them take him away and watched everyone clear but he just stood there.

Daniel eventually turned to the house and walked numbly inside, up the stairs and to his room where the rope still hung. The room's smell was tainted by death. Daniel gripped the door frame and took deep breaths. The pain was unbearable. Daniel then spotted the pink shell on the ground. The one he had given Niel. Daniel fell to his knees and let the tears slip down his cheek.

-

Daniel stood numbly as he watched them lower Niels' body into the ground. Even after everyone had gone, Daniel stood just staring at the gravestone and yearning to see those brown eyes again.

-

Daniel sat on the bridge they had always sat together on and opened the letter Niels had written to him.

Dear Daniel,

I just came from your wedding. I must apologize for leaving early It was rather rude of me; I simply couldn't watch you marry her. I've wanted to tell you for years now that I'm in love with you. I look at you and I feel as if we were destined to be together as if we were meant for each other. I can't stand to watch you with her any longer. I do hope she makes you happy Daniel. I hope we meet in the next life...

With love,

Niels

Daniel read and reread the letter, his heart constricting as he let the tears stain Niels' elegant handwriting. "I love you too Niels" his shoulders shook "I'm sorry I was too late"

Daniel sat there sobbing before he took a deep breath "We will meet in the next life I promise I'll find you" Daniel stated to the sky before he closed his eyes and slid off the edge.

Present

Will gasped and opened his eyes. He rubbed a hand over his face before he took in his surroundings. He pulled out his phone and dialed Hannibal's number. He needed to hear Hannibal's voice.

"Will?" Hannibal answered and Will let out a breath he didn't know he was holding at the sound of his voice "Are you alright?"

"Yeah. Yeah sorry I just never mind" Will stuttered and rubbed another hand over his face

"Will are you positive you are alright?" Hannibal asked concern evident in his voice and the urge to see Hannibal was overwhelming

"Can I come over?" Will asked

Chapter 3

Hannibal was pleased when Will called and asked to come over. Hannibal smiled to himself as he set another table place for Will. He knew the profiler had not eaten and he was more than happy to have Will join him for dinner. Still Hannibal wondered how much Will had remembered from their past lives. Had he only remembered Johann? Or had he remembered Niel as well?

Ever since Hannibal was young he had remembered Will. Hannibal remembers it all, every death and every kiss. You could imagine his delight when he finally met Will in this life. When Will showed no signs of remembering Hannibal's fear of it all being a dream taunted him until earlier this evening.

Hannibal was pulled from his thoughts as the doorbell rang and he paused at the mirror in the hall to check himself before opening the door. "Please come in"

Will took three steps before he wrapped Hannibal in a hug surprising the older man but Hannibal was quick to return the embrace. Will held on tightly, he was shaking but not from the cold. "Will?"

"You... were an alcoholic..." Will murmured and Hannibal closed the front door with one hand. "You hated your stepmother"

"Let us talk over dinner" Hannibal murmured softly and Will nodded before pulling away

"Sorry about..." Will started to apologize before Hannibal placed a hand on his cheek to silence him

"Your touch is never unwelcome Will" Hannibal reassured and Will smiled slightly before allowing Hannibal to escort him into the dining room "Excuse me a moment" Hannibal left to gather their dinner before returning swiftly.

They both ate in silence excluding Will complimenting Hannibal on the food. Hannibal had let Will gather his thoughts during this period, knowing the younger man needed time to reassess the situation. After the dishes were washed, Hannibal led Will to his study for them to continue their earlier conversation.

Once they were both settled, Hannibal watched Will waiting for him to begin. "Do you remember?"

"Yes" Hannibal responded

"There's more?" Will asked and Hannibal nodded "Do you remember those?"

"Every single one" Hannibal responded "What caused you to remember?"

“The crime scene was a canal with little boats lining the side... I closed my eyes to imagine the murder but instead I remembered something else”

“We were best friends” Hannibal smiled “I tried my best to appear happy for you... Were you happy with her?” Hannibal’s voice was tight and controlled with unexpressed emotion

“No. After your funeral I read your letter” Will murmured, he could still feel the parchment in his hand “then I promised to find you in the next life and jumped off our bridge”

Hannibal took a deep breath and longed to pull William close to steal the sadness from his eyes. “Is that why you came to see me because you relived my death?”

“Yes. Twice in one week I have seen you dead” Will answered honestly “Do you always die?”

“No. One time you were taken from me” Hannibal responded “You will remember eventually”

“Why do you remember and I’m just now remembering them?” Will asked

“I don’t know” Hannibal responded truthfully and Will stood moving towards the window

“I caused your death twice now” Will murmured and Hannibal followed, placing a hand on his shoulder

“Do not blame yourself” Hannibal soothed and Will turned to face Hannibal

“I don’t want to lose you again” Will admitted before he surged forward and pressed his lips to Hannibal’s. Hannibal moved to cup his cheek and kissed him back. Will didn’t know how long they stood there kissing but he didn’t care. Kissing Hannibal was like coming home and the connection he felt only grew stronger. Hannibal pulled back to rest their foreheads together

“I won’t allow you to be separated from me again” Hannibal whispered softly and they stood there foreheads resting together eyes closed for a while before Will started to drift off causing Hannibal to chuckle “I cannot allow you to go home in such a state”

“I’ll be okay” Will protested

“I have a capable guest room” Hannibal stated and Will felt his resolve crumbling after the long week, he was exhausted.

“Can I sleep with you?” Will asked softly

“Of course” Hannibal stroked his cheek and the pair made their way up to Hannibal’s bedroom. Hannibal had locked the doors and shut the lights off as he went. Hannibal gave Will an extra tooth brush and a pair of pajamas before he left Will to give him some privacy. Will brushed his teeth and washed his face trying to keep not dwell on how domestic it felt. Will emerged from the bathroom with Hannibal’s pajamas bottoms and long sleeve sweater, a soft blush on his cheeks.

“It looks better on you” Hannibal smiled as he bookmarked the page he was reading and set it on the night stand. He wore long stain pajamas and had the bed turned up for them both. Will shook his head and slipped under the covers.

“I highly doubt that” Will stated as he made himself comfortable causing Hannibal to smile to widen as he turned off the light.

“Never the less it is true” Hannibal whispered as he pulled Will to his chest, Hannibal’s chest to Will’s back and their hands intertwined. “Goodnight Will”

“Goodnight Hannibal”

-

Greece 600AD

Draco grumbled as he tracked Ixas into the whore house. They had training bright and early tomorrow so Ixas shouldn’t be out all night fooling around. He had made it inside before being stopped by a man with beautiful blue eyes and soft curls.

“Can I help you?” The man asked and Draco skimmed his eyes over him. He felt as if he had seen this man before. As if looking into those eyes hadn’t been the first.

“I’m looking for a solider. Ixas” Draco responded

“So you aren’t coming here for pleasure?” the blue eyed boy asked

“No” Draco replied gruffly

“Then you can’t come in” He said and crossed his arms

“I’m General of the Royal Guard” Draco warned and those blue eyes simply added more fire

“I don’t care. If you aren’t buying then you can’t interrupt” The man simply stared at him with a pointed look and Draco snorted

“If I pay you can I go in?” Draco asked

“I am strictly only allowed to give you something in return” The man stated and Draco sighed rubbing a hand over his eyes he was too tired for this. After a long journey and gruesome training in the morning he really couldn’t be bothered by this. Draco stepped closer clearly meant to intimidate the younger man but the spark he felt was a surprise. The slave boy seemed to have felt it as well and was now leaning closer.

“What can you give me in return?” Draco asked and the man licked his lips

“I can be bought as a slave for whatever you want” The blue eyed slave answered

“I could use someone to shine my armor” Draco stated before his eyes caught on the bruises lining the slave’s neck. Something in him demanded to protect this man.

“I am his owner. Are you interested?” A man appeared to what seemed out of nowhere “he hasn’t been used yet. Fresh from Athens”

-

Draco went out to drag Ixas from a whore house and ended up bringing home a slave. Just great. “What’s your name?”

“Ajax” Ajax responded and watched this peculiar man. When he first laid eyes on him the spark was instant and he immediately wanted to get closer. Those brown eyes had drawn him in and now he was his master. “What’s your name.....master”

“Draco and don’t call me master” Draco grunted as he sat down on his bed. The general’s chambers weren’t large per say but they were certainly better than most. Ajax was taken with him and wanted to know why he had bought him.

“Then what should I call you?” Ajax asked watching Draco shed his armor in preparation for bed.

“Draco” He responded “I can get a bed for you tomorrow but until now you can sleep here.”

“A-are you sure?” Ajax asked his eyes wide no one had ever provided him with a bed only the floor.

“I’m getting less sure by the second. Get in the bed and shut up” Draco growled

-

Ajax was surprised at how easily it was to fall into routine with Draco. Every morning he woke up for training, Ajax would help him get his armor on and give him something to eat before Draco left him home all day.

“Do you know how to read?” Draco asked one night as they laid for sleep and Ajax opened his eyes to look at the general

“I never learned” Ajax admitted and Draco looked over at him

“Very well. I will teach you to read” Draco stated

-

Draco spent hours with Ajax reading to him and teaching him to read Greek. Draco would close his eyes and listen as Ajax would read to him. On top of learning to read, Draco taught him to write as well and had scolded him when he would write a silly message.

-

One day while Ajax was practicing his writing, Draco walked in clearly injured and Ajax jumped from his seat rushing to his chest “what happened ?”

“A minor injury” Draco stated and Ajax helped him out of his armor, leaving Draco shirtless. Ajax took shaky breaths as he dabbed at the blood

“You call this minor?!” Ajax hissed as he tended the wound. Once it was cleaned up and properly bandaged Ajax couldn’t help but look over Draco’s chest. It was a canvas of scars, bruises and hard muscle. Ajax touched along one long scar

“A Centaur. In my younger years I thought it was good idea to try and ride one” Draco chuckled and smiled wider when he saw the look on Ajax face “Worried?”

“What if I am? Ha Ha very funny make fun of the slave who fell in love with his master” Ajax stood abruptly and kicked over the water bucket before storming out. Draco had managed to catch him before he could go too far and dragged him back to his chambers.

“I would never make fun of you for that.” Draco stated after they were behind closed doors and he cupped Ajax face “You should make fun of the master who fell in love with his slave”

Ajax’s heart sped up and he couldn’t help the smile that bloomed on his lips as they kissed.

-

Ajax slid off his tunic as he kissed Draco deeply only opening his eyes when Draco stopped his eyes locked on the whipping scars on his back. “Draco” he soothed “it’s okay”

“He hurt you” Draco growled “I’ll kill him”

“No it’ll only get you in trouble” Ajax cupped Draco’s face in his hand “Please just stay with me”

-

Draco finished the breakfast Ajax made and then looked at him suspiciously “What do you want?”

“Can I go with you?” Ajax asked “I’ve read all the books you’ve given me, the house is clean and I’m bored”

“Are you sure you can take it?” Draco asked and Ajax scoffed

“Forgetting where I came from?” Ajax asked

“Alright you can shine the armor” Draco said “get dressed we have to go”

-

Ajax ended up coming with Draco every day to training; he would shine the armor and groom the horses. All the men got along swimmingly with Ajax.

“Weren’t you a whore?” Ixas asked and Ajax looked up at him

“Excuse you. I was never a whore the only thing my master ever did to me was beat the shit out of me for my wit” Ajax stated and Draco visibly tensed.

“Well Draco certainly has his hands full” Ixas chuckled

“You have no idea” Draco stated as if long suffering but the affection in his eyes gave him away

-

It had been like any other day. Ajax and Draco arrived at training; Draco trained his men while Ajax groomed the horses but an arrow landed near the horse Ajax was grooming and spooked it. The horse reared up and kicked Ajax in the head. Killing him instantly.

Draco shouted out and dropped his sword running to Ajax body and dropping to his knees “Ajax wake up. Please Ajax” Draco felt for a pulse and found none. The ripping feeling in his chest as he gripped his body tightly “Please Gods no”

The men surrounded him with silent somber expressions as Draco kneeled there gripping Ajax’s body. Eusebios came to rest a hand on his shoulder, causing Draco to stand lifting Ajax in his arms and carrying him out.

-

Draco was the one to light the fire that burned Ajax’s corpse and kneeled there “I will find you in the next life my love. I promise you on the river Styx”

-

Draco destroyed his house. Broken glasses and shattered tables. Draco didn’t eat or sleep for days and spent most of his time ripping up the practice dummies with his sword. He finally broke one day. He had been slashing at the dummy for hours, his body sweating in buckets and he fell to his knees finally letting himself cry. The men just stood there silent watching their brother in arms let out his agony.

Solon kneeled beside him and rested a hand on his shoulder, providing comfort in the touch.

Present

Will woke gasping his head hurting feeling as if he had been kicked in the head. Hannibal woke up instantly “Will?”

“I was a whore” Will panted and Hannibal tightened his grip

“You weren’t a whore. The only person you ever laid with, was me” Hannibal stated

“What happened? What happened to you after...?” Will asked and Hannibal buried his nose in Will’s neck

“I was turned to stone by Medusa” Hannibal stated

“What?” Will asked

Chapter 4

Hannibal had soothed Will back to sleep promising to answer the questions he did have in the morning. When morning came Will was woken by the sweet scent of bacon and soft kisses. “I made breakfast” Hannibal murmured against Will’s lips and Will couldn’t help the smile.

“What no breakfast in bed?” Will asked

“I don’t want to spoil you too much” Hannibal replied and Will snorted. “Wash up and meet me in the dining room” Will nodded, immediately missing Hannibal’s warm body against his own when he pulled away. The profiler rubbed his eyes before rolling out of bed and into the master bathroom. Will decided a quick shower would be best considering he did come from a crime scene. After a brief shower with some type of French soap and using the extra toothbrush Hannibal had given him, Will made his way down to the dining room where Hannibal was setting down their plates.

“Do you import your shampoo?” Will asked with an amused smile on his face because he knew the answer already and because of course Hannibal would have imported shampoo.

“I’m very strict on what goes in and on my body William” Hannibal stated with a smile “Please sit” Will couldn’t keep the smile off his face as he slid into the chair.

“What do you have that isn’t expensive or imported?” Will questioned and Hannibal looked up in thought before holding up a hand to indicate for Will to wait as he left the room when he returned he held a small box. Although the change in his mood was clear as he handed Will the tiny pink box, cheap plastic weathered down by age. Being an empath, Will could feel this meant more to Hannibal than he was leading on and chose to be very careful with this object.

“It was Mischa’s. She bought it for me for my tenth birthday” Hannibal explained his voice wavering only slightly on her name “You may open it” Will looked up at Hannibal and in that moment it dawned on him how much trust this required of Hannibal to allow Will to do so. With careful touches, Will opened the box and chuckled when it revealed a toy opera singer.

“Even as a kid you loved the opera” Will smiled and glanced up at Hannibal

“I was a well versed child” Hannibal responded, his eyes held hundreds of memories and life times past this one.

“Thank you for showing this to me” Will murmured softly as he carefully closed the box and handed it back to Hannibal

“You’re welcome” Hannibal smiled, taking the item back and quickly returning it to its safe place. When Hannibal returned they ate their breakfast with soft conversation between them and both happily comfortable with each other.

“What did happen to you?” Will asked as they cleared the table of the dishes and Hannibal hummed. “You couldn’t have been killed by Medusa... right?”

“I can assure you I was. Our past lives weren’t only in this universe I suspect” Hannibal replied as he washed the dishes while Will dried “What do you remember of them?”

“I remember Norway, France and Greece” Will stated “What did you do leading up to turning to stone?”

Greece 600AD

Draco grew cold as the days without Ajax made it impossible to smile. He wished for Hades to take him as he had taken Ajax. He wished only to be reunited with his lover. Draco became reckless, making leaps that could’ve been stretched too far and he would spend many nights gazing at the stars. Remembering how he had held Ajax and pointed out the patterns in the sky.

He would read the books Ajax had finished and would read his writing. Only then could he feel part of Ajax near again and he knew he didn’t have to wait much longer when the son of Zeus was brought into the palace.

-

Draco hadn’t valued his life much but he valued the life of his men. As this journey stretched on the more of his men had died and he wasn’t going to stand for it. Draco marched into their tiny camp, past the small tent and Io approached him

“He’s not ready to travel yet” She stated and Draco just went around her

“Time is slipping away, Io” Draco went further up the sandy hill to his target

“He may be a demi-god but he still mortal” Io insisted following him but Draco ignored her

“Feeling better?” He asked Perseus

“Yeah a bit” Perseus responded

“Good” Draco said before throwing Perseus into the tent and pointing an anger finger at the man “Your pride is killing my men. You were given gifts use them”

“Those gifts are a trap” Perseus shouted back and Draco’s anger only rose

“I don’t care use them” Draco growled and threw the sword at the demi-god

“NO! I will not use that sword or anything they give me” The demi-god shouted and Draco drew closer his anger bubbling over. He was losing his men and if he didn’t do anything about it none of them would survive this mission. He had already lost Ajax.

“So we will just continue to die” Draco had calmed his voice into steady rage as he glared at Perseus. The silence that rang over the camp was heavy and everyone was staring at Perseus

before the demi-god seemed to lose his fight

“I can’t become like them... If I do this I do it as a man” Perseus said and Draco leaned closer their faces inches apart, his glare intensifying

“But you are not just a man” Draco growled

“I choose to be” Perseus responded

“A man cannot do this Perseus” Draco stated allowing his anger to seem through every pore in his body

“According to who? The Gods?” The demi-god challenged and Draco stepped back, looking around at his men before picking up the sword

“If I had your gifts...” Draco said as he held the silver sword. He couldn’t help but to think If he had the gifts of a demi-god, could he have brought Ajax back to life? Could he have protected him from the world? “When you need my sword it’s in my bag” After that Draco walked away, he needed to gather his thoughts and regain control over his emotions.

-

“He didn’t always used to be like this” Ixas said as he sat down next to Perseus “He used to be less of a dick”

“That’s hard to believe” Perseus kicked at the dirt and Ixas looked at the fire “What changed?”

“Ajax happened” Ixas said softly, sadness evident in his voice. “He made Draco smile in any situation. One time we lost in a battle and one of our men was killed because one of Draco’s mistakes. Draco was so angry with himself but Ajax just took his arm and led him to sit on the stairs. They talked for hours and by the morning Draco was himself again. I’ve only seen him like that two times”

“When was the second?” Perseus asked and Ixas took a deep breath

“When Ajax died” Ixas responded “After his death, Draco became what he is now. Those eyes are eyes of a dead man and I’m sure as Hades that Draco doesn’t intend to make it out of this mission alive”

-

In Medusa’s lair most of the men had already been turned to stone or thrown into the lava rivers below. Only people left were Perseus and Draco. Draco had been shot by Medusa and he knew this was it. He wouldn’t make it out and a certain peace warmed his body at the thought. Perseus was on the ground crawling towards a reflective shield and Medusa hot on his tail.

Draco pulled two daggers from their resting place out and jumped on a rock, stabbing into it making it fall on Medusa’s tail. The thing screamed loudly and Draco stood, the pain from

the fall was nothing to the pain he harbored in his chest daily. He looked Perseus right in the eyes as he said “Let them know men did this” before he turned to meet Medusas cold stare.

With a final smile he turned to stone, his last thought was finding Ajax in the next life and making sure they could be happy

Present

Hannibal finished recounting the events and watched Will react to the information. Will processed the information, his mind imagining the events and his chest aching at the memory of losing Hannibal twice. “How long after..?”

“A little over a year” Hannibal murmured, the dishes had been long cleaned and they both just stood in the kitchen. Will leaning against the stainless counter and Hannibal mimicking the position. Hannibal took Will’s hand gently and tugged lightly. Will slid into Hannibal’s personal space easily and looked up to meet Hannibal’s eyes

“Watching you die in such a human way was painful” Hannibal murmured, leaning close enough so their breaths mingled and Will leaned forward to press his lips to Hannibal’s. Their kisses slow and filled with an emotion much stronger than anything either of them had ever felt.

Chapter 5

“I need to head home” Will murmured after breaking the kiss “The dogs are probably starving” Hannibal sighed and brushed his thumb across Will’s cheek while looking into those blue eyes

“I suppose you’re correct” Hannibal said “Will you permit me to bring you dinner?”

“I guess but you’ll have to bring your own ingredients, the only thing I have in my kitchen is EasyMac and Peanut Butter and Jelly” Will replied and Hannibal closed his eyes, exhaling the look of pure exasperation written across his face.

“That is unacceptable for meals” Hannibal stated “I will bring proper food”

“Let me guess imported?” Will teased, a grin on his lips and Hannibal quirked an eyebrow.

“Never ask Will. It ruins the surprise” Hannibal smiled before pressing another kiss to Will’s lips then allowed the profiler to pull away. “Let me gather your clothes from the dryer”

“When do you have the time to do all this?” Will asked as he followed Hannibal to the laundry room

“I don’t procrastinate” Hannibal smiled and Will rolled his eyes before looking around the room seeing the various fabric softeners and stain removal. Hannibal handed Will his folded shirt and Will looked down shocked

“How did you get that stain out?” Will asked

“The imported stuff” Hannibal smirked

-

Hannibal walked Will to his car outside before pulling him close and pressing Will to the car, kissing him goodbye. “It’s really hard to say goodbye when you kiss me like that” Will murmured breathless and Hannibal chuckled

“That’s the idea” Hannibal replied and pressed another kiss to Will’s lips before stepping back. Will bit his lip as he opened the car door and then pressed a quick kiss to Hannibal’s lips. “What time would you like me to be there?”

“Um 5 is good” Will shrugged and Hannibal smiled

“I won’t be late” Hannibal reassured him

“I don’t doubt it”

-

Will got home and let the dogs out, letting them run around while he relaxed on the porch before he set to start cleaning up for Hannibal. He knew Hannibal wouldn't care but part of Will wanted to impress him. So he swept and dusted and cleaned bathrooms. It was due for a clean anyway and Will just knew that Hannibal would do it if he didn't. By the time Hannibal's Bentley pulled into the drive way, the house was clean and Will had also cleaned himself up. Making sure his beard wasn't out of control. What Will didn't expect was Hannibal to get out of the car and bring in a bunch of groceries.

"What the hell is all this?" Will asked a smile finding its way to his face as Hannibal set the items on the counter.

"I will not let you clog your arteries with poor food" Hannibal stated and went back out to retrieve the other bags, Will helping him

"Well then you better prepare to make me food all the time" Will retorted

"That doesn't bother me" Hannibal smiled and Will flushed at the thought of Hannibal being around to cook for him 24/7.

"Did you buy me dog food?" Will asked surprised

"Yes. You have seven dogs. I assume you run out of food quickly" Hannibal replied and Will just smiled stupidly at how domestic it was. "Is it not suitable?"

"You got the wrong brand but this will work" Will answered, setting down the bag of dog food as Hannibal closed his trunk. "Why is your trunk plastic lined?"

"To avoid stains" Hannibal replied simply as he unloaded the groceries.

-

"The storm might wipe the power out" Hannibal stated and Will looked out the window at the clear sky

"Storm?" Will asked, looking at Hannibal as if he was crazy

"I can smell it" Hannibal stated "Do you have a generator?"

"Yeah I just need to get it out of the barn and hook it up" Will murmured

"I'd suggest to do it before the storm begins. Do you need help?" Hannibal asked and Will shook his head

"Just keep cooking good looking" Will grinned and Hannibal raised his eyebrows, giving him an unimpressed look before Will went out to the barn.

Once he was in the barn he pulled out the generator and started wheeling it out before he could leave he stopped, turning to survey the barn. His eyes slipped shut as he let the memories take him back...

Britain 452AD

Galahad was eight years old when the roman soldiers came for him. His Father had indebted him and his future son to knighthood. "You will come back I promise" His mother soothed as his father lifted him on to a horse. Galahad frowned deeply as he tried hard not to cry. After saying his goodbyes he joined the group of other boys. A boy older than him sent him a smile as they rode away

"Don't worry. It's not as scary as it seems" The boy said, he couldn't have been older than twelve "What's your name?"

"Galahad" Galahad answered "What's your name?"

"Tristian" Tristian replied and their eyes locked. The connection was instantaneous, Galahad knew from then on if Tristian was with him he would be alright.

-

The first nights of training were the hardest. He was the youngest so he was always one step behind everyone. Tristian was always there to help though and one day he had just missed his family so much he couldn't stop the tears. Galahad sat in the stalls sniffing and crying softly when Tristian found him.

"Why are you crying?" Tristian asked, sitting down next to him

"I'm not" Galahad tried to hide his face

"Crying doesn't make you weak. We are to be knights not machines. What's wrong?" He asked and Galahad looked at him

"Everyone is stronger and faster. I hate being the baby" Galahad grumbled "I miss my mom"

Tristian pulled Galahad into a hug which the young boy gladly returned "The only way to become better is to practice and improve. Just wait one day you'll be the strongest one of us all. I promise you will see your family again"

"Really?" Galahad asked and Tristian nodded causing Galahad to smile

"You look much better with a smile" Tristian smiled at him causing Galahad to laugh "Come on. Let's get to bed"

-

Now Galahad was sixteen when he asked Tristian to teach him to shoot. Tristian was the strong age of twenty. Galahad groaned when he missed the target again "This is impossible"

"No its not it simply takes practice" Tristian stated

"Easy for you to say you've been an archer since birth" Galahad grumbled causing Tristian to chuckle

“I assure you I haven’t” Tristian said before moving behind Galahad “Spread your feet wider” Galahad followed the instructions and his heart rate spiked when Tristian wrapped his arms around him. Arranging Galahad’s arms and guiding him. Tristian’s face was right next to his own and his body was pressed against his. “Take a deep breath. Trust your aim” Galahad took a shaky breath and aimed at the target “Now shoot” Galahad did as instructed hitting the target. Galahad grinned and turned to look at Tristian before the smile melted. It felt as if a magnet was drawing them close and their lips almost touched if it weren’t for Tristian’s hawk to come landing on his shoulder causing the older boy to take a step back “I told you, you could do it”

-

Galahad shook Tristian awake “Your turn for watch” Tristian sighed and rubbed his eyes before getting up. Galahad settled in the spot Tristian was “Tristian”

Tristian looked at Galahad who grabbed his face and kissed him. Tristian was surprised at first but ended up kissing him back “Goodnight Tristian”

“Goodnight Galahad” Tristian smiled before moving towards his post

-

Tristian took the position of scout. He would ride an hour or so ahead of them and bring back news of what lay ahead. At night he would do this before bed. Scouting for the enemy. Galahad would accompany him any chance he got and the two would take that time to fool around in the woods together away from the prying eyes of their brothers. They didn’t hide it either. They openly showed affection towards each other and no one said anything about it.

Galahad was twenty the first time he brought up what they would do after all this. After all they were only bound for 15 years before they could live their lives freely. The two had finished scouting and had sat next to a tree. Galahad had laid back against his lover as they looked at the stars “What will you do after this?”

“Follow you” Tristian replied without a second thought

“Anywhere?” Galahad asked and Tristian nodded

“I will follow you anywhere. Even if in death” Tristian whispered in his ear “You’re the one that I love and I will never say goodbye. If death takes me away from you then I will find you in the next life. I promise you that”

-

At the age 23, Galahad was to take his freedom from the bishop along with the rest of the men. It had been 15 years since he was taken from his home and now he intended return to it with Tristian. The six knights that remained rode along the hills and stopped when they saw the carriage of the bishop who held their release papers. Galahad rode next to Tristian as he always did ever since that first day when he was taken away to become a knight.

“As promised, the bishops carriage” Gawain said and Galahad looked over with a smile

“Our freedom, Bors” Galahad said joyfully

“Mmm, I can almost taste it” Bors grinned

“And your passage to Rome, Arthur” Lancelot said and suddenly the peaceful field was charged by Woads screaming and on hot pursuit to attack the carriage.

Tristian looked over at Arthur “Woads!” The six knights charged down to fight the oncoming threat, their horses running into action. As the rode down, Tristian looked at Galahad “Be careful” he shouted and Galahad could only nod back. Galahad and Tristian flanked the battle, shooting down the enemies. Galahad always remembered Tristian’s words when he would shoot.

Galahad’s eyes sought Tristian as he jumped from his horses and swung his sword, killing those who attacked him with graceful movements. Once the battle had been won Galahad rode over to Tristian. Silently asking if he was okay which Tristian confirmed with a nod before mounting his horse once more and always remaining by his side as Arthur talked with the bishop.

Tristian noted Galahads anger at the Bishop and brushed his leg as a calming sort. Until Arthur sent him to ride ahead and scout out the future path. Galahad looked over at Tristian who was turning his horse to prepare the ride ahead “Don’t be reckless” Galahad muttered to his lover and Tristian nodded before taking off.

-

They rode along the path nearly at the gate in front of the carriage holding the bishop. “I don’t like him, the Roman” Galahad stated Bors and Gawain rode beside him this time. Tristian remained silent in the back “If he’s here to discharge us, why doesn’t he just give us our papers?”

“Is this your happy face?” Gawain asked with amusement before Bors and Gawain laughed causing Galahad to join in “Galahad do you still not know the Romans? They won’t scratch their asses without holding a ceremony”

“Why don’t you just kill him and discharge yourself after?” Bors asked with evident amusement and Tristian moved beside Galahad.

“I don’t kill for pleasure, unlike some” Galahad stated and looked over at Tristian

“Well you should try it someday, you might get a taste for it” Tristian responded causing the others to chuckle

“It’s part of you. It’s in your blood” Bors said

“No, No, No, No” Galahad laughed “As of tomorrow, this was all just a bad memory” Tristian rode slightly ahead and Galahad followed ignoring the conversation behind them.

“Bad memory?” Tristian prompted and Galahad nodded

“No more battles. No more getting shot or stabbed. Just us on the farm with many dogs and your bird of course” Galahad smiled and Tristian returned it before whistling, extending his arm allowing his hawk to perch on his arm.

“Where you been huh? Where you been?” Tristian asked the bird softly and Galahad smiled at the interaction

“Sometimes I think you fancy that bird more than me” Galahad said and Tristian snorted

-

Tristian pressed Galahad against the wall when they finally made it to their chambers and kissed him deeply while his hand skimmed over Galahads bare thigh “Tristian we have to go to dinner”

“Why?” Tristian asked and kissed along his neck

“To get our release papers” Galahad gripped his shoulder before pushing his off playfully “Stop that before I have to go meet the bishop less than decent”

Tristian stole a few more kisses before they made their way to the round table, bringing out the goblets of wine and joking around with the other men. All of them forced to stand when the bishop entered and a servant passed out golden goblets while the bishop droned on. Tristian just sat down after given the cup ignoring the disapproving look shot at him by the bishop servant and Galahad grinned at him before sitting down beside him. When the bishop finally finished his speech and opened the box containing their release papers. Galahad stood, eager to get the papers and high tail it out of there with Tristian.

Then the bishop spoke of the Saxons invading Britain and killing everything but not under Romes protection this stirred the men in anger. “So you’ll just leave the land to the Woads and I risked my life for nothing?” Galahad asked anger laced in his voice. The bishop smiled and then presented the papers before asking to speak with Arthur privately. The men all stood before Lancelot ushered them out. Tristian examined the golden goblet given to him before taking it with him in spite of the Bishop.

-

The music played loudly as they all sat around and drank. Tristian simply remained in the background eating a green apple watching Gawin throw a knife at the post and Galahad laughed joyfully. Galahad jumped up and took the knife happily before throwing it at the same post hitting the middle with a smile. Tristian threw a knife from behind him, the knife sticking into Galahads. Galahads turned around with an affectionate grin as Tristian ate his apple with a satisfied smile.

“Tristian How do you do that?” Gawain asked and Tristian took another piece of his apple

“I aim for the middle” Tristian smirked and Galahad laughed

“Always got to show me up?” Galahad stepped closer to Tristian who smiled

“It’s my calling” Tristian grinned and when Bors wife started to sing, Tristian stood by Galahad and discreetly brushed their fingers together as she sang of home. Galahad closed his eyes as Tristian laced their fingers together and imagined the home they would have together.

When they spotted Arthur, Galahad released Tristian’s hand to move towards the man as the other knights; Tristian followed calmly “Arthur, you’re not a complete Roman yet, right?” Galahad asked and Arthur began a speech about how they fought bravely and needed to fight again and Tristian simply ate his apple while the other knights broke out in outrage.

“Yeah, yeah. We’re all going to die someday. If it’s a death by a Saxon hand that frightens you, stay home” Tristian stated calmly and Galahad looked up with rage in his eyes

“Listen, if you’re so eager to die, you can die right now!” Galahad shouted at Tristian who regarded his lover calmly

“Enough!” Lancelot stated only causing Galahad’s anger to rise

“I’ve got something to live for and so do you!” Galahad shouted at Tristian. The others confirmed their attendance to accompanying Arthur and Gawain stated Galahad would come and he knew he would. Galahad laughed before pouring out the pot of wine and breaking it at Arthur’s feet then turning to walk away. Tristian following him and catching his hand once they were away from everybody.

“Galahad” Tristian soothed and he pushed him away

“No. This is suicide. We are free men. This is bullshit” Galahad shouted and pushed at Tristian’s shoulders

“We will die whether it is tomorrow or in twenty years” Tristian murmured as he held Galahad’s hands “As long as I die with you by my side it doesn’t matter” Galahad melted into Tristian’s arms allowing the older man to wrap him in his arms

“I don’t want to lose you. I want a life for us outside of this” Galahad whispered “I don’t want us to end in blood”

-

Galahad rode his white horse in circles in the barn while Tristian ate an apple calmly. Galahad had to let out his anger in this situation. Arthur walked through and Galahad glared daggers at him but stopped when Tristian gave him a point look.

-

The knights left at first light. They started on the journey to bring the roman family back to safety away from the Saxon. Tristian would ride ahead and scout then ride back. At night Galahad would ride with him and take comfort from his lover who whispered soft soothing words.

-

Galahad sat watch on the outer part of the camp when Tristian rode back. He dismounted and allowed the horse rest before moving towards Galahad "They will catch us"

"I can hear their drums" Galahad whispered and Tristian pulled Galahad into his arms. "Ugh you're cold"

"Warm me up then" Tristian murmured and pressed a kiss to his neck causing Galahad to shiver

"it would be my pleasure" Galahad smiled tugging Tristian farther into the woods before their kisses became heated with slow passion.

-

When they returned they were given their release papers and were informed they were evacuating because of the oncoming Saxon. Arthur vowed to stay and fight them, telling the other knights to go. That's where they were now riding along the path away from the place. They had their freedom now but if they left Arthur would surely die. The drums became louder and the horses startled. The knights all looked around at each other with silent agreement to go back for Arthur. Tristian looked at his bird "Hey" he whispered and clucked his tongue "You are free" he said before lifting his arm and allowing the bird to fly off. The men suited up before galloping to Arthur before they fight began.

-

Galahad glanced over at Tristian after cutting down an enemy and he felt something tug at his gut but before he could go to aid his lover he was distracted by another attacked. Tristian had hopped off his horse and now was fighting with the leader of the Saxon. Tristian was able to land a few good hits on him but the leader had slice Tristian up just as much.

Tristian was beaten and bleeding. His breath coming in pants as he fought with all his effort. The leader had pushed him to the ground where Tristian curled in on himself slightly, the pain was excruciating as he attempted to crawl away the leader only followed sword raised. The leader grabbed Tristian's hair and pulled him up to his feet.

Tristian looked up to see his hawk circling and then to Galahad who had slayed another attacker only to look up "TRISTIAN" The leader looked over and met Galahads eyes before slashing the killing blow across Tristian's chest causing him to fall to the ground. Galahad screamed in a mix of pain and fury before kicking his horse into action.

Arthur flanking the leader as well and with Arthur distracting the man, Galahad came riding in with a scream he behead the leader. Galahad then hopped off his horse and fell to his knees by Tristian. A scream escaped his throat as he gripped Tristian's body and he rested his forehead against his chest, screaming and sobbing. The fight ended quickly after that and the remaining knights stood in a field of dead men.

Tristian's hawk flew down and stood on the grass nudging its head against Tristian's hand while Galahad held his body.

-

They lined up the bodies of the fallen knights together and lit them ablaze. Galahad took the torch from Arthur with shaky hands and kneeled beside his fallen lover.

"I would have followed you anywhere" he whispered "I will find you again Tristian in the next life I promise" Galahad whispered before lighting the body with his head hung and tears slipping down his cheeks. Tristian's hawk landed on Galahad's shoulder and watched the body burn as well

-

Galahad did end up returning home but not with Tristian. Galahad had the farmhouse they had talked about and got dogs to care for. He cared Tristian's bird and lived alone. The one thing he had wanted most in the world had been taken away from him and now he lived waiting until the day he could see Tristian again.

Present

"Will is everything alright?" Hannibal asked from the door and Will turned quickly to Hannibal before pulling him into a tight embrace.

"Don't leave me" Will whispered and Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will

"I would never" Hannibal soothed and Will held tightly on to Hannibal "Come dinner will get cold"

Chapter 6

After dinner Hannibal and Will had curled up on the couch with the fire illuminating the house, the only sound was the snoring dogs, the cracking fire and the soft conversation between the two. Before the conversation slowed and was replaced by the sounds of slow kisses. Hannibal's hands slid under Will's shirt, exploring the skin underneath causing the man beneath him to purr at the touches before moving his hands to remove the clothing between them. Soon their clothes fell to the floor and their bodies pressed together in hot passion.

"Hannibal" Will panted as Hannibal kissed down his body stopping to bit marks into Will's skin causing Will to arch his body into Hannibal. "Christ"

"What do you want?" Hannibal whispered against his stomach and Will tugged Hannibal up

"Any way I can get you" Will whispered against Hannibal's lips before biting Hannibal's lower lip extracting a growl from his lips. "Bed" Will muttered and Hannibal lifted Will with ease before laying him on the bed. "Drawer"

Hannibal grabbed the lubricant from the drawer and a condom before spreading Will's legs apart "Do you trust me?"

"More than I should" Will breathed as Hannibal pressed a single finger into Will causing the younger man to moan softly. Hannibal kissed and nipped Will's neck as he stretched his lover open, his fingers searching out Will's prostate. After the third finger, Hannibal found Will's prostate and began to angle his fingers to hit it with every thrust. Will was a blubbering mess by the time Hannibal finally pulled his fingers from Will's body and sucked the taste of Will off his fingers then kissing him.

"You taste divine" Hannibal whispered against Will's lips and Will moaned from the action.

"H-hannibal" Will panted "I-I need... P-please"

"Tell me" Hannibal looked into Will's eyes, the connection between them was like a supernova that never blew out and Will took a deep breath to calm himself before pulling Hannibal close so their foreheads were touching

"I need you inside of me" Will stated holding Hannibal gaze and Hannibal pushed in slowly both parties moaning loudly.

"Watch me" Hannibal demanded when Will's eyes started to close and Hannibal fucked Will while maintaining the eye contact. Will had never felt anything more intimate then being connected through both their eyes and bodies. Hannibal's thrusts were slow and hard, hitting the bundle of nerves within Will brining him closer and closer to the edge. Eventually the thrusts became harder and faster, Hannibal's grip tightening as well as Will's

“c-close” Will panted and Hannibal kissed him one last time before slamming home hard making Will achieve his climax, Hannibal following behind him both their eyes never leaving each other. Hannibal pulled out and lay beside Will both of them panting loudly. “Would I make it awkward if I said I loved you?”

Hannibal smiled and pulled Will close to kiss him “No because I would respond in kind”

“I love you” Will murmured

“I love you too” Hannibal whispered and once Will had fallen asleep Hannibal added “I only hope you will stay after you know me”

-

Will woke up panting, strong arms wrapped around him and soft words of comfort whispered into his ear “You’re safe” Hannibal soothed and after a few minutes Will finally caught his breath “What did you dream about?”

“Blood” Will whispered “I dreamt of killing”

“Sometimes murder is justifiable” Hannibal murmured softly “Do you feel your dark desires keep you awake because you feel guilty for wishing to act on them?” Will just leaned against Hannibal and let his words sink in

“Would you be afraid if I acted on them?” Will asked and Hannibal took his chin

“Never” Hannibal murmured softly “I wish only for you to reach your full potential whether it involves blood or not”

-

Will sat in the study waiting for Hannibal to come back with their wine and decided to look through his drawings. The Effie Tower, Big Ben and something that looked like Rome. Then his eyes caught on a drawing of himself and he couldn’t help but smile as his eyes traced over the lines.

Will then set the drawing down to see the others only to find the drawing of the Wound Man. It looked exactly like the Ripper victim they had found a few months back and Will shook his head covering the drawings before returning to his seat right before Hannibal walked back in. Will pushed the thought into the back of his mind, along with all the other evidence he had been finding and choose to ignore it.

“*Domaine Leroy Chambertin Grand Cru, Cote de Nuits, France*” Hannibal said as he brought the glasses and bottle over before pouring it for Will.

-

Will went to the gun range with Beverly, who demanded to know all the details about Will and his relationship.

“We are moving in together and he is letting me bring the dogs. Will grinned “They just have to stay outside”

“Mr. Imported-from-Europe is letting you bring seven shedding dogs into his million dollar home. Damn you’re good. Teach me your ways Graham” Beverly begged and Will grinned with a blush before releasing the shooting at the target again.

“Being anti-social and adopting seven dogs is how you reel them in” Will joked and Beverly laughed

“So how big is he?” Beverly asked

“Christ Bev” Will blushed

“Oh come on! I live vicariously through you!” Beverly stated “Please”

“He is **very** well endowed” Will murmured

“Like how well endowed” Beverly asked

“Almost longer than my forearm” Will replied and Beverly looked at Will’s forearm

“Well we might as well call him hung-ibal” Beverly grinned with a wink and Will couldn’t stop himself from erupting into laughter. The two were still laughing when a bullet ricocheted and hit Will in the shoulder.

-

Hannibal had just finished up with a patient when he got the call “Hello?”

“Hey it’s Beverly. I’m sorry to interrupt but there was an accident at the shooting rang,” Beverly spoke “They are bringing him into surgery now”. Hannibal’s eyes went wide in shock and he felt his world spin before he could collect himself. He rushed into action, grabbing his keys and nothing else as he sprinted out the door. The entire time his heart beat was going a mile a minute. Normally Hannibal could control himself but not when it came to Will. He couldn’t watch him die again and he certainly didn’t want this life without him.

“Thank you for calling. I will be there as soon as I can” Hannibal answered “Which hospital?” Beverly told him the hospital and Hannibal was already speeding down the highway when she finished telling him the address. He said a short goodbye before tossing the phone into the passenger seat.

-

When Will woke up, Hannibal was sitting beside his bed sleeping with his hand in Hannibal’s. “Hannibal?”

Hannibal woke immediately and gripped his hand. “Will. How are you feeling?”

“Like I got shot” Will replied and Hannibal smiled

“I’m pleased your humor is still intact” Hannibal murmured softly as he stroked his thumb over Will’s hand and his voice drained of amusement “I was worried I would lose you”

“You won’t. Not this time” Will reassured squeezing Hannibal’s hand and Hannibal gripped his lover’s hand back.

-

“Don’t you have appointments?” Will asked as he woke up with a yawn and Hannibal looked over at him

“I canceled all of them for the next week” Hannibal stated and kissed Will’s hand with a soft smile “you’re my number one priority”

“How are the dogs?” Will asked

“I asked Alana to take care of them” Hannibal replied “Your classes will also be covered”

“Thank you” Will bit his lip and laced their fingers together. He wouldn’t admit it but he liked being taken care of by Hannibal.

-

Hannibal brought breakfast for Will with a smile and set it on the tray so Will didn’t have to get out of bed and opened the container while he recited what the food was.

“Finally breakfast in bed” Will teased and Hannibal chuckled with a smile

“I suppose” Hannibal sat down on the chair next to Will and opened his own container “How are you feeling?”

“Better. How long till I get discharged?” Will asked as he took a bite of his breakfast

“Two or three days from now” Hannibal replied “Then you must attend physical therapy”

Will groaned and Hannibal gave him a pointed look. “it is essential to your recovery”

“Doesn’t mean I want to do it” Will muttered

-

Will entered Hannibal’s house...well it would be their house in a couple of months. Will’s shoulder still hurt like a bitch but he could drive now. Hannibal and him had planned dinner for tonight but Hannibal was held up by a patient, therefore going to be a late so he told Will to just let himself in. Hannibal had given him a key a few weeks back anyway.

Will ventured deeper into the house into the kitchen and sighed as he filled up a glass of water. It was so strange how comfortable he felt here and how easy it was to fall into step with Hannibal. He was taken from his thoughts when his phone chimed

Would you mind taking the meat for tonight from the freezer? It will help it thaw. Thank you –
H

Will smiled at the text and sent a confirming text back before he went to the room that held the freezer. Right by the freezer was the door to the basement. He couldn't help but wonder what was down there and thinking against his better judgment he went to open the door but it was locked. Again he filed this back into his mind where everything else was piling up.

-

Four months later

Recovering was slow and Hannibal had been very attentive, helping Will with anything and everything. Most nights Hannibal spent at Will's house and he had taken to Will to physical therapy every week, making sure Will practiced at home. Will's shoulder was now completely healed even though it would sometimes cramp up really bad and Hannibal had to massage out the knots.

Will walked down the stairs with a yawn and he found Hannibal sketching in the study "Did you enjoy your nap?" Hannibal asked and Will nodded before he leaned against the arm chair

"What are you drawling?" Will asked

"Achilles lamenting the death of Patroclus" Hannibal replied and Will was remembering watching Hannibal being slashed, hanged and beheaded. "Achilles wished all Greeks would die, so that he and Patroclus could conquer Troy alone. Took divine intervention to bring them down" Will looked at the drawling as Hannibal spoke "Whenever he's mentioned in *The Iliad*, Patroclus seemed to be defined by his empathy"

Will turned to look at Hannibal and Hannibal met his eyes, moving to cup his cheeks "I wish to keep no secrets from you. I had planned to tell you sooner"

"What do you mean?" Will asked but he knew and Hannibal handed him a key "What is this?"

"The key to the basement" Hannibal responded calmly "Always know that everything I have ever told you about my feelings was genuine"

"Hannibal?" Will questioned and Hannibal stood pressing a kiss to Will's lips

"I will be here waiting for you. Now go" Hannibal whispered

-

Will approached the basement warily before slotting the key into the lock and turning it. A sense of dread taking over Will as he started down the stairs and a part of him knew what he would find down here. He flicked on the lights and walked further into the basement. A million thoughts race through his head as he took in his surroundings but one thought stood out, basking brightly among the rest.

Hannibal Lecter was the Chesapeake Ripper.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Just stay with me through this chapter.

Will climbed the stairs slowly, trying to calm the storm in his mind. He needed to decide what to do tell Jack? Not say anything? Join Hannibal? Will ran a hand through his hair and went to the study. He knew what this meant.

Hannibal sat in the chair was a glass of wine in his hand and a thoughtful look in his eyes. He set down his wine glass and stood to look at Will fully. "Will"

"How many people?" Will asked clenching his fist to prevent his hands from shaking.

"Too many to count" Hannibal responded

"Have you been feeding me...?" Will trailed off and Hannibal nodded, clearly understanding what Will was asking. "Will you kill me?"

"No" Hannibal responded "I can't even bring myself to the thought of hurting you."

"Will you run if I tell Jack?" Will asked

"No. I do not want this life without you by my side. I've lost you far too many times to want it without you and I have accepted whatever choice you make." Hannibal stated, he longed to hold Will in his arms and comfort him but he knew that wouldn't be wise.

"I need time to think" Will whispered "away from you"

"I will not stop you. I'll wait here for you Will" Hannibal responded and took a step closer "I promise to find you in the next life no matter what you choose. I will love you regardless"

Will stared into Hannibal's brown eyes for a while longer before turning on his heels and rushing out.

-

Will drove home and fed the dogs. Allowing his thoughts to consume him, closing his eyes and allowing himself to remember all the things Hannibal had ever said to him. It all made sense. Oh and the puns. Hannibal had practically been spelling it out.

"I don't kill for pleasure, unlike some" Galahad stated and looked over at Tristian

“Well you should try it someday; you might get a taste for it” Tristian responded causing the others to chuckle

Hannibal had been the only person to ever accept him for what he was and all the horrors that came with him. He loved Hannibal and he knew Hannibal loved him. Winston trotted up to him and licked his face “I don’t know what to do” Will murmured as he scratched behind Winston’s ear and sighed deeply.

“What if I am? Ha Ha very funny make fun of the slave who fell in love with his master” Ajax stood abruptly and kicked over the water bucket before storming out. Draco had managed to catch him before he could go too far and dragged him back to his chambers.

“I would never make fun of you for that.” Draco stated after they were behind closed doors and he cupped Ajax face “You should make fun of the master who fell in love with his slave”

Will paced his small living room while the dogs watched him. Could he let Hannibal go? Would Hannibal stop if Will asked him? Should he join him? He could imagine himself killing and he knew he liked killing Garret Jacob Hobbs. All his dark dreams come to life and Hannibal guiding him through it.

I look at you and I feel as if we were destined to be together as if we were meant for each other. I can’t stand to watch you with her any longer. I do hope she makes you happy Daniel. I hope we meet in the next life...

Will came to the conclusion he couldn’t live without Hannibal. If he turned Hannibal in they wouldn’t kill him they would arrest him right? Will could still see him.

“I love you no matter what happens. I will find you again in the next life” Johann said quickly

“I love you too. What’s going to happen? ” Charmont asked fear evident in his eyes before guards came in surround the two. They grabbed Johann, his brown eyes never leaving his blue ones. Char could tell he was trying to hide the fear.

Will spent three hours going back and forth before he finally came to a decision.

-

Will entered Jack’s office as Jack was about to leave for home “Jack! I have to tell you something”

“What is it?” Jack asked concerned, he set down his briefcase and approached Will. Will rubbed his eyes before he inhaled deeply.

“It’s Hannibal. He is the ripper”

-

Hannibal glanced at the clock and set down his glass of wine. Hannibal stood and smiled sadly when he heard the footsteps of gun men in his house. Will had chosen. Hannibal hadn’t

expected the pain of the knowledge that Will had chosen against him. His eyes held unshed tears and his heart had ached.

“So the tea cup shatters” Hannibal whispered before allowing tears to slip down his cheek as they opened fire. Millions of bullets were shot into him causing his body to move rapidly before promptly falling to the ground.

-

“The Chesapeake Ripper is dead” Jack smiled and clasped Will’s shoulder “We found all the evidence in the basement”

“What?” Will asked his eyes wide and his chest constricting. “I thought you were going to arrest him.”

“We were but one of the men opened fired and the others followed in suit” Jack stated “He is better off dead”

Will felt like he couldn’t breathe, Jack said he would arrest him not kill him. Will ran his fingers through his hair, no this wasn’t the plan, and this wasn’t how it was supposed to go. They were going to detain him in Baltimore’s Hospital for the Mentally Insane and Will would go into see him. He wasn’t supposed to be dead “Are you alright?” Jack asked and Will nodded

“I want to see him” Will stated forcing his voice not to shake “I need to know its real”

-

Jack took him to the morgue as he requested. “Can I have a minute?” Will asked and Jack exited the room. Will approached the body his breath becoming uneven and his hands started to tremble as he pulled back the sheet.

“I wish only for you to reach your full potential whether it involves blood or not”

“Oh god please no” Will let out as sob as he took in Hannibal’s still features and his heart was throbbing. He touched Hannibal’s cheek with a shaking hand and another sob escaped his lips when he felt the coolness of his skin. The coolness seemed to spread through his entire body and he felt himself breaking again.

“Always know that everything I have ever told you about my feelings was genuine”

He longed to see those brown eyes again. He wanted those strong arms around him again.

“I was worried I would lose you”

“I-I’m s-so s-sorry” Will whispered, tears slipping down his cheeks rapidly “I-it wasn’t supposed to be l-like this.” Will rested his forehead against Hannibal’s, his chest heaving. “I-I k-killed you”

“I love you”

-

Will entered Jack's office as Jack was about to leave for home "Jack! I have to tell you something"

"What is it?" Jack asked concerned, he set down his briefcase and approached Will. Will rubbed his eyes before he inhaled deeply. Will gasped and looked at Jack with wide eyes. His mind was reeling from what he just saw. If he turned Hannibal in then he would be killed.

"Are you okay?"

"Fine... I-I just... Hannibal and I are together." Will rushed out and Jack raised an eyebrow

"You felt the need to drive here at nine o'clock at night to tell me you're involved with Hannibal" Jack asked and Will nodded. "The entire team knows Will"

"Oh uh good I guess..." Will murmured "Well I guess I'll just go now"

"Okay..." Jack said and Will gave him a half smile before darting out of there. Once he was in his car and he panted loudly, resting his forehead against the steering wheel. Will squeezed his eyes shut, trying to push the feeling of Hannibal's cool skin from his mind but it was like he could still feel it. Will quickly dialed Hannibal's number

"Hello Will" Hannibal answered and Will let out a loud exhale "Are you alright?"

"No. I'll be there in ten minutes" Will stated and started his car, pulling out of the parking lot

"I'll be waiting" Hannibal responded

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

I apologize for the later update! I was extremely exhausted on Friday and tonight I went to see Troye Sivan so it's been fun. I apologize in advance for any errors. I am so tired it's ridiculous at this point.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Will pulled into Hannibal's drive way and hopped out of the car, jogging into the house. The last ten minutes felt like years and the cold feeling was overwhelming. He was a few words away from losing Hannibal... again. He couldn't live with himself if he allowed that to happen. Hannibal opened the door for Will and Will launched himself at the older man. Will's arms were tight around Hannibal and his nose buried in his neck, just breathing him in. Hannibal responded by holding his lover and soothingly rubbing his back. Will allowed himself to be pulled inside and sat on the couch, but he didn't let go of Hannibal the entire time he couldn't bring himself to.

"Will?" Hannibal's voice brought Will to the moment and out of the constant replay of Hannibal's cold still body. "What did you see?"

"You were dead" Will whispered and recited everything that he saw in the flash forward.

"Remembering our past lives brought us together. Perhaps the flash forward was to prevent another tragedy" Hannibal replied calmly as he gently stroked Will's cheek.

"I'm curious whether either of us can survive separation." Will whispered moving closer to Hannibal so their foreheads touched "Were you intentionally dropping clues for me?"

"Yes" Hannibal responded watching Will's blue eyes shine with unshed tears "I'd hoped you figure it out"

"I did" Will murmured and Hannibal smiled softly

"I know"

"You knew I would ignore it" Will said and Hannibal murmured a confirmation against Will's lips "What did you intend to accomplish?"

"I had hopes you would turn against Jack and embrace the darker side of yourself. I want you to reach your full potential. "Hannibal pressed a soft kiss to his lover's lips

"What if I deny you?" Will asked and Hannibal kept his eyes on Will

“I don’t think you will” Hannibal responded “The bond between us is too strong and the beast within you has grown with it”

“I don’t want to hurt innocent people” Will murmured softly. He didn’t want to turn into a monster but

“Then I will find you the guilty” Hannibal responded “Will you join me at the table? Even knowing where I get the meat”

“Of course” Will murmured and then after a moment added “I don’t want to lose myself”

“You aren’t losing yourself Will, you’re going through a metamorphosis” Hannibal responded “and I will be here to help you”

“If we get caught?” Will asked and Hannibal smiled

“The only person who could catch me is you William” Hannibal responded “You will either flourish my world or destroy it.” Will kept his eyes on Hannibal right before leaning in and kissing him deeply. The part he had been suppressing finally rising to the surface and spreading through his veins. They stayed like that, Hannibal holding Will close and whispering soft soothing words to calm Will’s still frazzled nerves. When Will’s stomach growled loudly and Hannibal chuckled.

“Hungry?” Hannibal asked and Will nodded with a blush covering his cheeks “The meal I cooked earlier is still in the fridge”

“You thought I was going to turn you in and you still made dinner” Will snorted and Hannibal smiled in kind

“Yes. Although for the first time since I was very young, I had lost my appetite” Hannibal stated as he stood, not looking at Will and Will could clearly understand what that meant. Turning Hannibal in would have hurt Hannibal much more than he was leading on. “Shall we?”

-

It should have been disturbing how much eating people didn’t even bother Will. Hannibal’s cooking was always divine whether it was animal or human. Now Will rarely had a meal that Hannibal did not cook. Hannibal would pack his lunch in the morning and always be up to cooking him breakfast.

“Good morning Will” Hannibal smiled as Will entered the kitchen with a yawn. It was still a bit odd to see Hannibal cooking in Will’s small ass kitchen but it was also very comforting.

“Morning” Will murmured and accepted the cup of coffee Hannibal handed him and a kiss.

“Remember we have an appointment for Winston” Hannibal stated as he flipped the omelet onto the plate with a grin.

“Show off” Will snorted and took the plate while Hannibal joined him at the preset table.

“What time is the appointment?”

“Half past ten I believe” Hannibal responded

“Plenty of time for morning sex”

-

“Winston doesn’t need shots though” Will murmured as they sat in the waiting room of the bets office

“Yes he does. I will not allow any animal inside the house unless they are up to date on their shots” Hannibal stated and Will pet Winston’s head

“He is crazy” Will muttered to Winston and Hannibal snorted at the interaction “You don’t need shots”

-

Moving in was easier than Wil expected. Hannibal and him slowly moved Will’s things to Hannibal house. Although they kept the house in Wolf Trap for a weekend away. They feel into routine rather quickly, Hannibal always woke first so he would take out the dogs, then make breakfast and Will would take the dogs for a walk before dinner. Hannibal had given Will a map to what rooms the dogs could and could not go into which Will in kind rolled his eyes with a grin.

Now the pair laid on in their bed, Hannibal reading and Will simply listening to Hannibal’s heart rate. “Hannibal?”

“Yes Will” Hannibal replied

“When are you going hunting again?” Will questioned and Hannibal took a moment to study his lover before answering

“Tomorrow night” Hannibal responded finally and Will watched Hannibal in return

“Can I come with you?” Will asked and Hannibal smiled

“I would be delighted to have you along” Hannibal replied and Will smiled, settling back into his comfortable place.

-

Hannibal parked outside of John Grind’s house, looking at the home and inspecting it. “He is running an underground sex slave trade. Not to mention very rude”

“Is that how you choose your victims?” Will asked curiously and Hannibal nodded

“Is this how you will choose yours?” Hannibal asked in kind and Will took a moment to think. “Will you be an observer or a participant tonight William?”

-

Hannibal had tied the man up and was currently watching Will “Your hunting knife is on the counter. You need only to pick it up” Hannibal said softly as he pressed a kiss to his lips “Don’t pick it up if you don’t want this” Hannibal then went to work on cutting open the man. Will stood and watched, his fingers twitching for the knife on the table. At last, Will turned and grabbed it before turning back to see Hannibal smile at him then gesture to the body.

Will leaned down and went to work. The screaming of the man couldn’t be heard through the gag and frankly even if Will could hear the screams he wouldn’t stop. Although he did make sure to leave all the organs alone for Hannibal. Hannibal had simply watched with utter delight in his eyes, not only that but hunger and lust. By the time he was done, Will was covered in the blood and the plastic he decided was a good idea.

“See? This is all I ever wanted for you Will. For both of us” Hannibal murmured softly as they stood next to the dead body, Hannibal’s hand cupping his cheek and their lips inches apart

“It’s beautiful”

-

“So how is the domestic life?” Beverly asked with a huge grin and Will couldn’t help but grin back

“Really amazing actually” Will beamed “I’ve never known myself as well as I know myself when I’m with him”

“Fucking sap” Beverly muttered and Will just grinned in response.

-

Hannibal and Will drove out to Wolf Trap for the weekend, so Will could go fishing and Hannibal could sketch him while doing so. Hannibal then prepared an amazing meal and putting some music on before he forced Will to slow dance with him.

“I never considered love but after meeting you I understood the appeal. I fell in love with every version of you Will” Hannibal murmured into his lover’s ear and Will smiled, pressing closer

“Me too” Will responded and closed his eyes. Hannibal pressed a softly kiss to Will’s lips before slipping down to one knee

“Will you marry me William Graham?” Hannibal asked and pulled out a black velvet box containing a wedding ring. Will’s face broke out into a smile looking down at his hands before he nodded

“Of course I will” Will grinned and allowed Hannibal to slid the ring on his finger before pulling him into a heated kiss.

“If I saw you every day forever, I would remember this time” Hannibal whispered against Will’s lips and Will couldn’t contain the smile spreading across his lips

Chapter End Notes

So I think this is it. Maybe an epilogue? Do you want an epilogue? Have I beaten this to the ground?

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry this took so long. It has been one thing after another and just ugh.

Epilogue

Will fiddled nervously with his tie and paced the small room, waiting for it to start. It was his wedding day and he was more nervous than he has ever been. Abigail knocked and slid into the room with a big smile "how are you doing?"

"Nervous. You look beautiful" Will smiled, trying his best to calm his nerves and she smiled as she fixed his tie

"Thank you" she grinned "Hannibal helped me pick this out"

"Of course he did." Will hummed "let me guess Imported?"

"Of course" Abigail grinned "he has one thing that isn't imported."

"What's that?"

"You." she stated and Will blushed but couldn't take the smile off his face.

"Imported from Louisiana" Will grinned as she straighten his tie and he briefly thought back to his wedding in Norway. Unlike Daniel he would be marrying the love of his life. They were getting their happy ending. This was it. Nothing could take him away from Hannibal. They were connected by fate and even if this wasn't their happy ending, Will would always know he would find Hannibal in the next life.

"Well Mr. imported-from-Louisiana, it's time to walk you down the aisle"

-

At the reception, Hannibal extended his hand to Will "May I have this dance?"

"You may" Will beamed and took Hannibal's offered hand. The older man smiled and led his husband to the dance floor. Everyone watched as the couple shared their first dance.

"Remember when we danced in the ballroom after everyone was asleep?" Will asked

France 18th Century

“Prince Charmont, May I request a dance?” Johann asked an easy smile across his lips and Char beamed in response

“But there isn’t any music” Char stated but took his lovers hand anyway

“Music doesn’t only come from instruments but also nature. Let the sounds of the night be our music” Johann stated, pulling Char into a close embrace. Together they slowly swayed across the dance floor and held their bodies close.

Present

“I do. You stepped on my toe when I dipped you” Hannibal hummed as the two swayed to the song and Will snorted

“You surprised me” Will stated and Hannibal only hummed

“Shall we attempt it again?” Hannibal asked

“I suppose it would be reasonable” Will responded with a fond smile and with that Hannibal dipped Will, this time no feet were injured.

-

Hannibal and Will sat on the beach, a bottle of wine between them as they looked up at the stars. “I never thought I would be doing anything as cheesy as stargazing on my honeymoon”

“But here you are” Hannibal responded

Norway 1860

“What do you think the stars are made of?” Niels asked as they sat on their bridge looking up at the starlit sky.

“I think they are souls of humans who died and stay up there to watch over those they love on Earth” Daniel murmured and Niels hummed as he swung his feet off the edge

“Would you meet me up there then?” Niels asked, turning to look at his friend and Daniel turned his attention to his friend as well

“Of course” Daniel grinned

Present

Will looked down at their intertwined hands and smiled at the memory. “I never got a chance to meet you up there”

“Perhaps but you met me none the less”

-

Hannibal stabbed the man one more time before the said man fell to the ground in a puddle of his own blood. Will walked over from where he was knocked back and moved to kiss him. The man's blood smeared in their kiss and both men relishing in it.

Will looked down at Hannibal's side which had been cut in the fight and growled at the sight of him injured "Is it deep?"

"It will require stitches I believe" Hannibal responded "But we need to harvest the meat before it goes rotten"

Greece 600AD

Ajax sighed as he carefully cleaned Draco's wound "What kind of idiotic moron launches an arm outside of the training field?" Draco groaned in pain as Ajax pressed a little too hard "Sorry"

"First day of training" Draco murmured "He wasn't aiming for me but considering it was a pretty good shot"

Ajax glared at him as he patched up the wound and Draco simply smiled at his lover. Draco leaned up and captured Ajax's lips "Hey. I refuse to be killed in such a silly way. So there is nothing to worry about."

"That's what concerns me" Ajax grumbled

Present

Hannibal lay on his back as he guided Will through the stitches and Will was working intently but his hands were slightly shaking. "Take a deep breath Will. Relax" Hannibal soothed and Will took a moment to calm himself.

"I don't want to lose you again" Will murmured softly and Hannibal took his hands

"You won't" Hannibal soothed

-

Hannibal and Will were curled up by the fire together, just relaxing in each other's company with the dogs laid at their feet. "We better move soon or I'm going to fall asleep"

"I'll carry you to bed" Hannibal reassured and Will made a humming noise

"Be careful you're spoiling me" Will muttered "I might decide I like it"

Britain 452 AD

Galahad rubbed his hands together over the fire as Tristian brought more wood "it's freezing"

"You'll warm up if you take off your clothes" Tristian stated after putting more wood on to the fire and Galahad snorted

“Only looking out for my wellbeing?” Galahad asked “No other motive”

“But of course” Tristian leaned against the log and shot Galahad a smile as the younger man curled up next to him. Tristian had been sent out to scout and Galahad joined him, happy to finally get some alone time with Tristian. The older warrior pulled Galahad close and kissed him softly “I’ll always look out for you”

Present

Will did end up falling asleep and Hannibal scooped his lover up gently, carrying him to their master bedroom, careful not to wake him. Once he was tucked into bed Hannibal smiled before climbing into bed with him.

Hannibal and Will finally got their Happy Ending.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!